

GLENNER



FALL - WINTER 1970
DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE

"It is time to rip away the rhetoric
and divide on authentic lines. It is
time to discard the fiction that in
a country of 200,000,000 people,
everyone is qualified to quarterback
the Government."

— **SPIRO AGNEW**
Vice President U. S.

GLEANER

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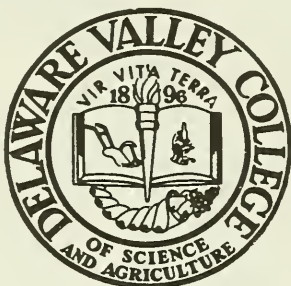
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Dr. Jesse Elson

Dr. Jesse Elson, a former student at Delaware Valley College, has been teaching Chemistry at DVC since 1946. He is a well-educated man having received four degrees: B.S. at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, M.S. at North Carolina State College, and a B.S. and Ph.D. at Rutgers University.

Dr. Elson's research achievements in Chemistry can be matched only by his style of humor. Through his researches he has become known world wide. His work includes a patented paper on improved methods of the manufacturing of phosphate fertilizers through the addition of normally waste products.

Much of Dr. Elson's theoretical work has been published in the *Journal of Chemical Education* and the *Chemical Communicators*. This includes work on a Bond Energy Equation which allows one to predict the enthalpy change for a chemical reaction; an analysis of data to show that atoms of elements 13 to 20 are oversized; and the relationship between covalent and crystal radii of elements. At present Dr. Elson is continuing to develop mathematical relationships involving bonding of atoms from bond energy and bond length data.

Students to whom Dr. Elson has introduced "Miss Milli Mole" enjoy a most relaxing and interesting learning period. The GLEANER staff is proud to dedicate our Winter issue to a unique individual who has earned the respect of his pupils and colleagues.

SEASONS

Sketch—Steve Quinn



— Robert Bosenberg '72

The Game

The first lone cry of a morning dove,
The last lingering shadows of night,
The rustle of leaves by booted feet,
The piercing shafts of first light.

The cold steel in a tightened grip,
The chilled caress of polished wood,
The moth-ball smell of woolen wear,
The little vapor cloud of quickly exhaled breath.

The mental anguish of last chance past,
The persistant thought intensified,
The now near agony—

The waiting, the planning, the practice—
Was it in vain?

Perhaps.

But this is the game.

Only for a Minute

— Dillon Williams '72

Silently the shadows crept over the hills
Making the face of the mountain
Appear dark and grey.
The light reflecting off the red granite
Cast a shimmering, translucent haze over the valley,
Filling it with stillness and peace.
How still, how quiet.
Only the water trickling down the rocks,
The prostrate juniper and dwarfed birch
Filled the crevices,
While peachblum and wildberries
Carpeted the hillside.
The clouds seemed to stretch forever,
The valley lay in limbo.
Then a cold wind came and blew the clouds apart.
The sun pecked through to say "hello"
And the spell was broken.

Yellow Leaf

— Abraham Strimber '72

That leaf is falling
why should it,
because it is yellow-brown, should it fall?
Too early to fall
Too early to end.

I haven't had time enough
time wasn't there.
Leaf, slow down, hold on awhile,
longer.
I want more time;
Leaves, don't take mine.

Once the leaves are gone,
its time is gone,
so is mine, so is mine,
Hold on. Don't go!

— Steve Quinn '73



The Birth of Spring

— Dillon Williams '72

Spring was born today.
I felt the warm winds sway
The pines so far above my head.
I heard the Robin with breast of red
Sing her morning song to Mother Earth,
And awakening, she silently gave birth
To spring. Spring came in such a quiet way.
The blue clouds covered up the gray;
The world had mystically an air so sweet.
Was it the grass beneath my feet
Or the leaves taking off their gloves,
Or was it the snowdrops popping from their buds?
I couldn't tell, for spring was born
Without a noisy blare of horn.
But it was there — Ah yes,
That sweet, unforgettable, fresh
Smell of spring, when dewdrops gather on the blades of grass
And Mother Nature helps me wash away my past
With water trickling down the garden walls
Or singing quietly as it falls
And tumbles over shining stones.
I walked as one, but I was not alone.
For all of nature walked with me for a while,
And every frown was turned into a smile.

A Beautiful Spring

— Richard Polgar '72

Brilliant orchids of rainbow's fancy,
Added a sweet aroma into Spring's
Gentle wind; hiding the
Pungent odor of the soldier's rotting corpse.

— Bruce Sterling Baessler '71

Once again, it's arriving—
and replacing green,
and silence will soon
replace the constant whisper of life.

Leaves accept death so cheerfully,
turning a brilliant color
and floating gently to the ground.
TO ROT AND BE EATEN.
Perhaps the red isn't a shout of joy,
but a cry of pain.

— Steve Quinn '73



It's Spring.

Most people think of trees as being just green,
but if you look up in Spring, you'll see
yellow, white, and red.

These flowers don't have the magnitude
of Autumn leaves,
but they show a beginning and not an end.
They are the beginning of a life
of a season.

A season filled with love, nature, and beauty.

Some trees are slower than others
in completing this transition
from dormancy,

Just as some people have a hard time
realizing beauty and love.

But eventually they all do.

It's a shame for those who take so long,
for Autumn always comes
and there is an end of a season.

Except for the evergreens.

The Sweep of Autumn

— Dillon Williams '72

Autumn leaves float through the air;
The grass is brown, the trees are bare;
The sky is blue with clouds of gray;
The moon appears to end the day.

Jordan winds are blowing chilly;
The last of the blossoms fades on a lily;
Two ducks glide across the pond;
The sparkling moonlight leads them on.

The first flake of snow comes fluttering down
And melts before it reaches ground;
A sheet of ice quiets the stream,
All Nature's forces reign Supreme.

The woods are blessed with the gift of peace.
Silently they sigh relief;
The tall green pine sways in the breeze,
And the mighty oak gives up its leaves.

The earth lies down to rest;
She yawns and draws her babes to breast;
No other sound until she wakes
But easy wind and downy flakes.

The Hereford

— Gary Miller '72

The Hereford breed of cattle is known to have originated in Herefordshire, a province in the southwestern sector of England. The terrain of the area is slightly hilly and the soil is perfect for small grains and hay crops. The climate of the region is excellent for cattle, since it is moist with moderate temperatures.

There are three main schools of thought as to what type of cattle was involved in producing the Hereford as we know it today. One idea is that red cattle from Herefordshire were crossed with white cattle from Wales. Others believe that cattle with red bodies and white faces originated in Flanders. The third belief is that in 1885 a red bull with a white face was imported to Herefordshire from Yorkshire and used extensively in breeding.

Benjamin Tomkins of Herefordshire, who is regarded as the founder of the breed, was the first to strive for improvement of some of the characteristics of the Hereford. He started his improvement by line breeding his cattle. His son, Benjamin Jr., continued breeding the Herefords for improvement, but bred for a more quickly maturing animal, with less concern for largeness of size.

In 1841 William Galliers and John Price bought some of the Tomkins' cattle. After trying some of their own ideas of outcrossing, and failing, they reverted to Tomkins' method of line breeding with his cattle.

William and John Hewer are credited with establishing the color pattern of the Hereford as we know it today. Along with fixing the color pattern, through careful breeding, these men improved the cattle in areas of quality and symmetry.

T. J. Carwardine of Leominster, England, is known for his contribution of Lord Wilton (4740), a well-known breeding bull of that era, into the line of breed improvement. Other cattle of his that were well known in the English shows were Anxiety (5188) 2238, and Anxiety 4th 9904 which was imported to the U.S. by two men from Missouri.

During its history, the Hereford has been an animal of various sizes. It has been said that the Grand Champion bull at the first Royal Show in 1839 weighed 3,920 pounds. At the same show, 50 years later, the Grand Champion bull weighed 2,600 pounds. Two bulls whose descendants improved the breed in the areas of quality and refinement were Lord Wilton (4740), and Sir Thomas (2228), respectively.

A great number of Herefords were imported into the U.S. during the period of 1848-1886. Importations came to a standstill at this time because the American Hereford Cattle Breeder's Association prevented importing undesirable cattle by posing a \$100.00 fee per head of cattle entering the country. This lasted until 1893 when breeders again started importing Herefords.

Among the most famous original breeders of the late 19th century was T. L. Miller of Beecher, Illinois. Due to Mr. Miller's great wealth, he was able to invest large amounts of money into his cause of improving the breed. His generosity and fame were such that he went as far as sending five bulls to Denver and carloads of cattle to the western range territory to create the demand for the Hereford in that region.

Mr. C. M. Culbertson of Newman, Illinois, was among the many who bought Miller's cattle. He also imported Anxiety (5188) 2238 from England in 1879. This bull was of great importance at the time because it had a very good rear end. Unfortunately, he died at the early age of four and left only seven bulls and five heifers in the U.S. which he had sired.

Overshadowing all the other herds of Herefords in the U.S. at that time was the herd of Charles Gudgell and T. A. Simpson. Their first foundation stock was imported from Canada. The herd was founded in Missouri in 1877. In 1880 they imported 80 head from England and in 1881 they imported 100 more. Anxiety 4th 9904 and North Pole 8946, two future great bulls, were among those imported with the second shipment. Again in 1882 Gudgell and Simpson added 100 head of Herefords from England. The best female importation from England was Dowager 6th 6932.

This herd sire of Erdenheim Farms shows some of the traits that breeders strive to achieve today.



This young Hereford calf will soon be weaned from its mother.



A new-born calf struggles to take its first few steps beside its mother.



The total number of Herefords in the U.S. numbers close to 16,000,000, with a yearly registration of about $\frac{1}{2}$ million and transfers around 30,000. Today the Hereford is regarded as the best grazing beef animal, and breeders are striving to correct its few faults. The larger concentration of the breed is in the western range of the U.S.

When Gudgeall and Simpson first started to establish their herd, they used "outcrossing". Finding the results to be less than what they had wanted, they went to line breeding, by mating sons and daughters of Anxiety 4th.

To move the Herefords westward, the Mousel Brothers of Cambridge, Nebraska, bought Gudgeall and Simpson stock in 1960. Just before Gudgeall and Simpson sold their entire herd, the Mousel Brothers had obtained 57 head, which made them the largest owners of pure line cattle of Gudgeall-Simpson origin.

Other famous herds involved in establishing the Hereford breed of cattle in the west were the Turner herd of Sulphur, Oklahoma, and the Chandler Hereford Ranch, in Baker, Oregon. One of the more notable herds was the Wyoming Hereford Ranch, owned by Mr. Tom Leavy. Among the many cattle he bought to establish the ranch was the famous herd bull, Advance Regulator 9906792.

Some of the superior characteristics of the Hereford breed include the following:

They are a very rugged animal and will withstand severe cold and heat.

They are very good walkers, and are unexcelled as a grazing animal.

They are a very quickly maturing animal and turn to market material at a young age.

They have a good disposition.

They are able to be crossed with other breeds.

They utilize less feed to produce one pound of weight gain.

Some of the inferior characteristics of the Hereford breed include the following:

They have a tendency to have crooked hind legs.

They are very poor milkers.

They are very susceptible to pink eye and cancer eye.

They have a tendency to develop a heavy dewlap and brisket.

As the influence of the Hereford moved westward, the breed was tested by new conditions of climate and food supply. The Shorthorn, which had long been the major breed of the West, was surpassed by the Hereford during the long cold winters. The Hereford was found to be an excellent range animal, adapting to whatever type of conditions existed.

TIME

— Bruce Sterling Baessler '71

It starts with a revolution,
but few share it.
Few people were alive then.
As it grows,
and becomes more powerful,
many more see the light,
and are raised from the dead.
As time passes,
this single source of
life, hope, and all that is the world
spreads over the land.
Most just accept it.
A few worship this source of life
as their divine being.

A burning bush,
which is first seen,
is also the last,
as darkness and death
once again cover the earth.

IT'S TIME

— Dillon Williams '72

"Now it's time to say farewell,
It's time to leave our gladsome dell."
'Don't go, please stay,
Please stay for just one more day.'
"I've already postponed our date
And now it's much too late
To stay another day—
For I must be away."
'Oh no, not yet, don't let
Your colors be silent set—
Don't leave me here so stark and bare.
If you stay, more love we'll share
And together we will venture.'
"But I cannot, look, it's time
Others about gave up their prime, it's time."
'There's no denying this,
But who has right to end our bliss,
Some force that you can't comprehend
That waves an arm, declares an end?
Why must you be leaving—
Has your love been so deceiving?'
"I can only answer without reason
My love, I swear, has been no treason,
But it's fall; I must go!"

— Bruce Sterling Baessler '71

SKETCH — Steve Quinn



I'm a man!
I'm a man?
The calendar says so.
Does my mind?
I know nothing of man's world,
but much of nature's!
A flower can captivate me,
but not a governor, nor a mayor, nor a president.
let others worry of such.
I'd rather contemplate a flower.

How I do desire to mellow
and not concern myself
with people, I don't know.
Rather, spend my days knowing me,
and one day
saying
I AM A MAN!

The Road to Hell

— Steven Schwartz '71

Look ahead, the course is not predestined.

The struggle should capture a heart and a
light soul.

Queer thoughts, perversion, look at the
senseless people.

Estranged persons continue molesting the
society!

When time needs you, keep your heads
in your unconverted shells.

Humans, look to remove ill criticism

Rebel with true intentions;

If life is too spectacular for you, then die.
Actually you're already dead.

People

— Bruce Horning '71

Another today
Has left yesterday behind,
Tomorrow watches.

People pretending,
Faces hidden beneath masks,
We play games with life.

Upside down

— Gary Miller '72

We lie, quietly,
holding hands
among the blades of grass,
and tilt our heads
backward,
to the extreme,
and see our world
upside down.

Gone,
in an instant,
are the days
of finding the jelly
in a jelly do-nut.
Gone are the days
of blowing soap bubbles,
of playing marbles,
and trading baseball cards.

Suddenly,
we seek answers,
and meanings.
No longer
is trivial pleasure exciting.
We are caught,
caught in the trap
of sophistication
and society.

Why can't we be free —
take off our shoes
and run,
chase our dreams
across wet fields?
Instead, we lie,
quietly, holding hands,
and tilt our heads,
to see the world,
upside down.

RUST

— Ray Blew '74

SKETCH — Steve Quinn '73

Traces of red cover the once black iron
That used to be strong and hard,
Holding the structure so firm to foundation
And bracing the walls apart.

But now the iron is wearing away,
And walls slowly closing in,
Will soon break through and leave only dust,
For age and time will win.

Careless in youth, not believing of values,
I lived in the damp, dark, and cold.
Rust touched my soul and it withered away.
I suddenly discover I am old.



— Bruce Sterling Baessler '71

Who died today???

Each of us has a date
on his head
as to when we shall die.
Is it worth going to Europe?
Doing things or people?
Have I missed anything not flying?
I could die without seeing
Bulgaria, or Paris, or the Mona Lisa,
or a bullfight,
or the back of the moon,
or God.
As long as I can see myself.

Youth

— Bay Blew '74

The magic of the perfume
Seeps into your mind.
While away the time
As your eyes turn blind.

You can always find
Some kind of peace of mind.
That's a sure sign
You need no longer climb
the painful steps of time.

Loss of Suppression

Loneliness is a dark room of silence,
A room without breath of speech.
Loneliness was a room with my elders
Where I had to hear them preach.

As a child I thought that I knew the world
And couldn't wait till I got away.
I escaped, yesterday,
Only to find that today
I've changed my mind.

The Artificial Nightmare

by EDWARD O'BRIEN, JR.
Instructor in General Studies

Many seem to confront the population problem with ostrich eyes. I read the other day, in a New Jersey newspaper, an editorial which began by announcing blandly that New Jersey is now the most densely populated state in the Union, and which then closed by urging people to settle in this state! After all, the article noted, there's still plenty of room left. This sort of short-sightedness is symptomatic of an attitude all too prevalent today. In conversations with friends I find that they are not concerned with the population explosion because it is too remote, like legal rights on Mars for the day when we land there. Rather than worry about it, they find it easier to forget the future and have another baby.

But the relation between population pressures and conservation is a direct one, and to impress upon people the danger of overbreeding, let us enter an imaginative time-machine. We will take a peek at a future which may one day imperil our descendants, a future which may one day be a terrible reality if steps are not taken to prevent it. But before we begin our time travels, we must note, as a preparation, one aspect of today's world that is alarming for the conservationist.

I speak of artificial plants, frightening omens of days to come. Pick up any synthetic "flower" and examine the unpleasant wax and leather feeling of the plastic — the rubbery, thick, stiff texture of the leaves and petals. Notice the glowing colors and the details which are neat, correct, and exact. Notice also the absence of odor, moisture, and movement. Pathetically, these "plants" are not even dead, for they never were alive. They are a sepulchral blasphemy of creation, a mockery of life. And yet, it is sad to reflect that, every year, there are more and more artificial plants and less and less real *flora*. And how casually, how readily, we accept this invasion of artificiality into our homes and offices. Can you imagine a world where *all* plants are artificial? Come.

... our time-machine has set us down at an un-determined date in the future, here in the United States. We adjust our breathing masks and step out into tomorrow. The masks are necessary because the

atmosphere is heavy with exhaust fumes, chemicals, dust, and smoke. All the people of this age are wearing masks. They accept it as part of living. A small mask is fitted over the babies' mouth in the maternity ward; people stand silently grieving in funeral parlors, faces hidden behind masks.

But the landscape, what has become of it? The land, in all directions, is one continual "development". Wherever one looks there are row upon row of houses, and stores, factories, churches, public buildings, shopping centers, airports, and roads. Fleets of cars, clouds of airplanes, and hoards of people swarm *everywhere*. Even farms are gone, for food is manufactured underground, or at the bottom of the sea. There is no getting away from the world of concrete, steel, marble, stone, and glass. The earth has become geometricized into mathematical figures, and nature has been smothered by the mad, cancerous geometry-maze. There is no longer any sweet irregularity of natural forms; no soft, blurry outlines of the growing, the moving, the living *flora*. Not one tree stirs, no wild creature breathes. Nature is a machine at last.

The noise is indescribable. It is a never-ending product of engines and advertising. Mechanical titans thunder past, and blinking, revolving, insistent signs oppress us. We from the past are dazed, blinded, and deafened by the glitter-litter glare of this unnatural scene, this neon nature. We note the common use of hearing aids.

We long for the solace of evening, but our hopes are dashed, for there is no night. Fierce white lights and dizzying neon spectrums burn over the land, from coast to coast. The people must wear special tinted glasses to protect their eyes from this incandescent fluorescent nightmare. Privacy is no longer even a memory. There are no more secret places where lovers may talk quietly under the sound of pine needles in the breeze. In fact to wish to be alone (occasionally you will find a throwback with man's ancient love of natural things) is now considered a sign of regression towards the primitive; such desires are perversions, and are treated accordingly.

We learn that individual towns have disappeared in this far future, and King Megapole reigns, like an infinite, ugly octopus with steel tentacles everywhere. Consequently, the old names of towns have

vanished. For example, the town once called "Edwardsville, Virginia", is now known as Section 128, Area F. The ancient names were found to be irrational, inefficient, and too warmly human.

However, the most incredible feature of this world is the Parks, which are a kind of outdoor museum. We were told, by the guides of the Parks, that ever since the middle of the twentieth century, when the manufacture of artificial Christmas trees had begun, the numbers of natural *flora* had been diminishing year by year until at last, due to increasing population pressures, the trees had disappeared altogether. Luckily, man had by then perfected the process of making his food and atmosphere. And so, the archeologists had constructed the Parks, which were found in most of the larger and more important Sections.

Can we from the time-machine ever forget that terrible afternoon in the Park of Section 24996, Area T? I think not, as the doctors who have examined us since our return can testify. We had been in the Park for some time, examining the green foliated fossils standing silent and unchanging, with plastic leaves and glass trunks. We had been walking over the toy grass carpet that was too green, and too stiff, and too perfectly even. We had stood astonished at this tree-museum, when a mother brought her young son to the Park, evidently for the first time. We heard the guide explain that there were once millions of these fossils standing together in *forests*, a word which puzzled the boy. After some learned talk which no doubt bored the lad, we saw him twist his head up and ask "What is that?" He was pointing to a small gem-like figurine of many bright colors, attached to a limb of an artificial oak tree.

"Why, that's a bird, son", the guide said. "A bird was a special type of flower that once, many many years ago, grew out of the branches of certain trees. Pretty, isn't it? There's a charming old story that these bird-flowers could fly through the air and sing sweetly." The man winked and laughed gently, shaking his head. Then he went on, in a scholarly voice. "You know, the old people of long ago were very imaginative and lived close to nature. They didn't know much about science, but magical tales fascinated them. We know today that no flower ever flew singing through the air."

In a strange sense, the guide was right, for in his world only spaceships fly, and only madmen sing.

But the young boy was confused, and he asked plaintively, "Don't you believe that story?" "No", the guide said quietly, "it can't possibly be true." "I wish I had lived back in the olden days; it must've been fun to see a bird", replied the boy. His mother smiled apologetically, mumbled something about him being "a strange boy sometimes", and led him away.

We had seen all we wanted of Megapole Unlimited by then. We concluded that the only hope for those pathetic people was to search for one last dirty old weed that might yet be growing in a patch of exposed, raw earth (one last, hopeful nipple of the earth-mother yearning to give her milk) and try to get seed from it. Probably a hopeless dream, however. We entered the time-machine gratefully, and the years flipped away, the pages of the new book of time becoming old, yellowed pages of the past, until 1970 came up. . . .

I and my fellow time-travellers have been *incomunicado* for some months now, living here in a remote cabin "somewhere north of Hudson's Bay" as the newspapers put it. Our recovery is expected to be very gradual, for the psychic damage was considerable, but perhaps the day will come again when the sight of a town larger than several square miles will not fill us with black terror.

— THE END —

Mary E. Mary

Thoughts

— Dillon Williams '72

It's funny how such a simple thing
Can do more than is really meant:
For me, it's reading by the light of an old oil lamp
That tells how my life is spent.

An atmosphere set by the steady flame,
Shadows that cover the wall—
The still of the night—nothing's the same
As my spirits rise and fall.

The print in the book appears to be more than just words
That cover the pages with ink;
They're joys and sorrows, and songs of birds;
They're thoughts that a feeling man thinks.

Between the lines, in the shadows of time
There's a place where the lonely meet;
A corner that shows a crowded mind
And a heart that has no beat.

The love of two
Is but one love,
And joins to last all time.

And although I have
Enough love for two,
I give it only, by choice,
to you.

Our love may
seem like the rose bush
That's sweet yet
has some thorns.

But after the thorns
along the way
we come to a blossom;
Then love is ours.

For we shall keep
its beauty and
forgive the rest.

Guess the meaning of this line.

A simple task yet you

Won't guess mine.

Many poems are written tricky and clever,

Obscuring their meaning—

Hidden forever.

Symbolism of love, war, nor race,

Won't be found within this

Inky space.

Guess the meaning of this line.

Killing of Cock Robin.

Evolution bind.

A society's chewed-up line

Isn't within, 'cause this

One's mine.

All was said a long time ago;

Why do people continue—(?)

The hell if I know!

Guess the meaning of this one.

The meaning is clear—

The meaning is none.



I Shall Not Forget You

— Dillon Williams '72

When the day is over and the sun sets in
the west;
When the moon floats through the sky and
the bird is in its nest;
When my eyes grow heavy and I lay myself
to rest;

I shall not forget you, for you
fill my soul with zest.

When I walk alone at night or sit beneath
a tree;
When I think of whom I need, I only think
of thee.
When I shed a teardrop and my eyes can
barely see;

I shall not forget you, for with you
my thoughts must be.

How could I forget your smile—the sunshine
from your face;
How could I forget the fun when my pulses
quicken pace;
How could I forget the one who means so very
much to me.

I shall not forget you until mountains
cease to be!

Raindrops

— Gary Miller '72

Two raindrops
hurriedly rushing
down
the
sheer surface
of glass.

They sparkle
like stars
against
the dark sky
as the moon
breathes light
to them.

Suddenly,
without warning,
they stray
from their
parallel flights,
and lurch
together
to form
one.

They hold
and speed
faster,
faster down
the pane,
reflecting the
warmth
of the moon
with a growing
radiance.

Kismet

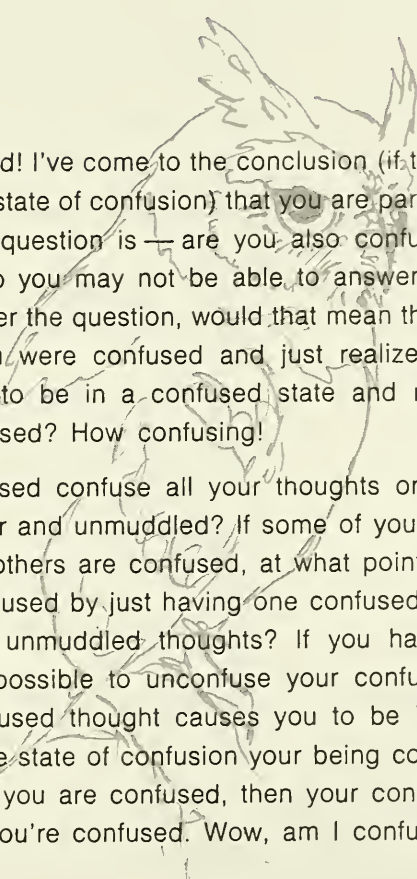
— To Susan

Dateless calendars unfold
To show no day with time untold.
I was late to make my mark
Now autumn winds will leave me stark.
You are part of my revolving earth
So who shall say I should not verse
My rhyme for you. What will I do when you have gone
And August memories are all that I put on?
There is no simple answer to my question,
For I do not know my destination.
Nor can I believe
That stars have planned my destiny.
Whatever fate may have in store
Lies nameless here till nevermore.

— Dillon Williams '72

Confusion

— Sport
SKETCH — Steve Quinn '73



Wow, am I confused! I've come to the conclusion (if that is possible and valid being in the state of confusion) that you are partly responsible for my condition. My question is — are you also confused? You are probably confused, so you may not be able to answer the question. But, if you could answer the question, would that mean that you weren't confused, or that you were confused and just realized it? In other words, is it possible to be in a confused state and realize it even though you are confused? How confusing!

Does being confused confuse all your thoughts or can some of your thoughts be clear and unmuddled? If some of your thoughts can be unmuddled while others are confused, at what point are you confused? If you are confused by just having one confused thought, what is the sense of any unmuddled thoughts? If you have unmuddled thoughts, may it be possible to unconfuse your confused thoughts? However, if one confused thought causes you to be in the state of confusion and if in the state of confusion your being confused causes you not to know that you are confused, then your confused thoughts are worthless since you're confused. Wow, am I confused!

? LOVE

As love is said so many times
to have so many different rhymes
to Me, my love is only for You
and never to anyone else is due.

The times We spent together were fine
then in your eyes I saw the shine
that never ever was there
when I came over and We did share.

It takes much more than life
itself
to put together a life of wealth.
For money could never buy Your love
I'm sure
and I should know 'cause I'm poor.

Love comes from the deep inside
and life from the cold outside.
The body, the soul, and even the mind,
are what I can give to make You mine.

Our love I hope will never
die
because love itself you can't
buy.

— Luis Castaner '74

The nights are growing shorter,
The days are growing longer,
Something within me, growing.

I have a feeling within me, is it love?
The way I feel about you at little
non-sensical times — is it love?

I don't know, I've never been in love . . .
But I pray to God it is.

They say "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." I wonder why. It seems strange to me that that is how it's said by them. I find that stories and poems have too many symbols and other English terms that I forget. They categorize it till it's so dry and useless . . . I don't understand.

What makes love so wonderful . . . if it is so terrible when it's done? I don't know.

But then, I've never loved.

— Steven Schwartz '71

When I feel here, It's just lost, Baby,
I am a natural man; I need no
artificial censorship.
Life makes up for my mistakes,
I cannot replace a lie or fault,
I am a human, a natural man.

Come Sit With The Hypocrites

Bring the little children unto me.
Gurgling and smiling happily as if
being able to produce joy from
the foreign language to his tiny ears.
Mothers should let their children
relax and not scold them while in church.
For how can anyone get anything
out of church if they are worried
how they are acting??
Did Jesus ever scold a child for playing with his coat,
or talking with his sister??
Two children are fascinated
by their mother's earrings and necklace.
What greater sign of love,
than to have your child put his arms around you
and whisper into your ear.
Is my hat on straight???
Who is that with Mary???

— George T. McCarter '73

Everything I've done, it's always
been you and I. We can do so many
things, and be happy . . . together.
The snow is falling—remember we said
we would watch it . . . together.
I wonder at times—what would life
have been like . . . together.
All the songs that meant so much
and we would sing . . . together.
I suppose we could have solved some of
the problems of life . . . together.
If it weren't for something going wrong
that love died—or quit growing—or
wasn't really there . . .
and makes us go our separate ways
never to be . . . together . . .

This Is Life

— Dillon Williams '72

How foolish I am when I think
I could own the clouds
And drift forever, days on end,
Never thinking about the world below.
How foolish I am to think I could
Run through the woods,
Never stopping, never drinking,
Never seeing what lies in my path or
That which waits for my passing.
For I could never float, or run,
Or even close my eyes to those about me.
They are the clouds, and the woods,
And the world.
And I am but the wind above their heads.

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